

times. She reached Berlin November 5, 1870, and on February 16, 1871, she writes: "I have often had the excuse of feeling too sad to write, but I think never, until now, too happy. Yesterday, for the first time since I left America, I received letters from home." Again, April 19, 1871: "I'm just glad enough to be back here, feeling that now I can hear regularly from you, and you also from me. You can't know what a cross it has been to me, and nothing but my Yankee grit ever carried me through." Her last letter, written a short time before her death, at the age of eighty-four, is by no means the production of a broken-down old woman. She was included in a company of German women of Boston who were received by Prince Henry of Prussia when in 1902 he visited America. She describes the event in the following: "The leaves are most beautiful. I have never seen any handsomer. They came the day I went to see the Prince, but I did not take him any, and have regretted since that I did not; but it was so formidable, and I am such a fool, I only wanted it over. He was most gracious, and not at all formidable; shook my hand twice, just as any other *feller* would. I am glad now I had the courage to go, especially on account of the younger nieces and nephews, who were so anxious for me to do so. They are making a great fuss in the papers—of course, it's all exaggerated. Really, the whole thing was what anyone would have done much better than I did, only I had the luck. How splendidly you would have carried out the meeting! I forgot to bow low or to address him with any title; so stupid!"

At this time she is engaged—after several ventures in other lines which did not result satisfactorily—in earning her living by designing and working embroideries.

One feels somewhat the inadequate recognition given either in this country or Germany to the service rendered the sick and wounded. There is the Iron Cross—and some other bauble. She, however, never looked for any other than the satisfaction of having stupendous work to do and accomplishing the same in spite of overwhelming difficulties. Without training in nursing, she set herself to learn of anyone who would teach her, and the letters of Dr. Palmer and others testify to her ability acquired in such a precarious fashion. That she suffered somewhat for want of a very liberal education she freely confesses, asking her reader if "ankle" is spelled with a "k" or a "c," or she gets along, she says, "amazingly well" with her accounts when wages to her help are twenty-five cents per day, because "there are no sevens or nines in the figures."

We are inclined to find fault with Mr. Munroe for his lack of dates. We could wish the portrait dated. One wants to know at what period in her wonderful career it represents her. But we are deeply grateful for what he has given, and most particularly for allowing the letters and diary to convey their own impression and retain the individuality of the writer. The book is very heartily recommended. It is sure to become known to a large class of readers outside of nursing circles, and its success and popularity are safe to predict.

THE CRUEL SIDE OF WAR. With the Army of the Potomac. Letters from the Head-quarters of the United States Sanitary Commission during the Peninsular Campaign in Virginia in 1862. By Katherine Wormeley. Roberts Bros., publishers, Boston.

Reading the adventures of the Baroness von Olnhausen brings to mind a book published first under the title "The Other Side of War," and later in 1898 with the title changed to "The Cruel Side of War." It is a series of personal letters

telling of the work done by American women during the war—how they organized all over the country under the name of "Soldiers' Aid Societies," and of what they accomplished in alleviating the sufferings of the sick and wounded.

It seems strange to read of Mrs. Griffen, the president of Bellevue Training-School for Nurses, starting on the steamship *Daniel Webster* to join the Hospital Transport Service, with three ladies in her company whose duties were to "attend to the beds, the linen, the clothing of the patients," "do all the cooking for the sick," "what else, time and experience will show." It may be ancient history to nurses of earlier graduation, but we venture to affirm that the book is not well known to recent graduates except where the names of Miss Rosalie Butler and Mrs. William Preston Griffen are household words, as in Bellevue Training-School or the New York City Training-School on Blackwell's Island. It shows a different side of the nursing from that in the Baroness von Olnhausen's experiences, but is none the less interesting. They go side by side on one's book-shelf.



BOOKS AS HARBORERS OF DISEASE.—The *New York Times* of February 8 has an article on the above subject, which says: "This is preëminently the age of large free libraries, as it is also of microbes. The germ theory of disease has been evolved within a comparatively recent period, and hurtful micro-organisms have been found to lurk in the most unsuspected places. Under these circumstances, then, it is by no means a cause for surprise that attention should be called to the menace to the general health afforded by the much-used public library, and especially by the lending libraries. It is easy to conceive that epidemics of contagious and infectious disease may be quickly spread by the agency of contaminated books, and it is likewise hard to see how such occurrences can be entirely prevented. Books may be sterilized and disinfected, and yet may be full of noxious germs. The editorial in the *Times*, however, points out that the recent investigations of German microscopists concerning the number and variety of malevolent micro-organisms found in colonies in the bindings and between the covers of books from the public libraries are not, as is supposed by many, new discoveries. The fact has been known almost for as long a time as bacteriology itself. The multiplication of libraries of late has brought the danger resulting from the circulation of books more prominently before the public, and the question now is how to minimize this danger. Sterilization, even when effective, is difficult to apply with success to books, and the problem presented does not lend itself easily to solution. Books, or at least some books, improve the mind, but when they, at the same time, injure the body, the reading public may truly be said to be on the horns of a dilemma."